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CIVIL WAR II



CMW
2016

MS. MARVEL



011
VARIANT
EDITION

MARVEL

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THE
DEFENDERS

CIVIL WAR II

MS. MARVEL

WHEN A STRANGE TERRIGEN MIST DESCENDED UPON JERSEY CITY, KAMALA KHAN WAS IMBUED WITH POLYMORPH POWERS. USING HER NEW ABILITIES TO FIGHT EVIL AND PROTECT JERSEY CITY, SHE BECAME THE ALL-NEW MS. MARVEL.

RECENTLY, ULYSSES, A YOUNG INHUMAN WITH THE ABILITY TO FORESEE THE FUTURE, PROVIDED EARTH'S HEROES WITH INTEL THAT COULD STOP CRIMES BEFORE THEY HAPPENED AND CAPTAIN MARVEL, KAMALA'S PERSONAL HERO, ENTRUSTED KAMALA WITH THE COMMAND OF A SMALL TASK FORCE TO USE ULYSSES' VISIONS TO THEIR FULLEST.

KAMALA EXCITEDLY ACCEPTED THE MISSION, BUT HAS QUICKLY DISCOVERED THAT NOT EVERYONE AGREES WITH THE TENETS OF "PREDICTIVE JUSTICE" — AND CONTINUING TO FIGHT FOR SOMETHING SHE'S NOT SURE OF COULD MEAN LOSING THOSE CLOSEST TO HER...

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GROVE STREET.
Semi-recently.

Yeh dosti
hum nahin
todenge...



OOF!

Liff-ho! Bruno!
What are you
doing up here by
yourself?!



Sorry!
I'm so sorry,
Ammi! Let me
help you with
that!

Never mind
the laundry--
why do you have my
grandmother's
bangles?

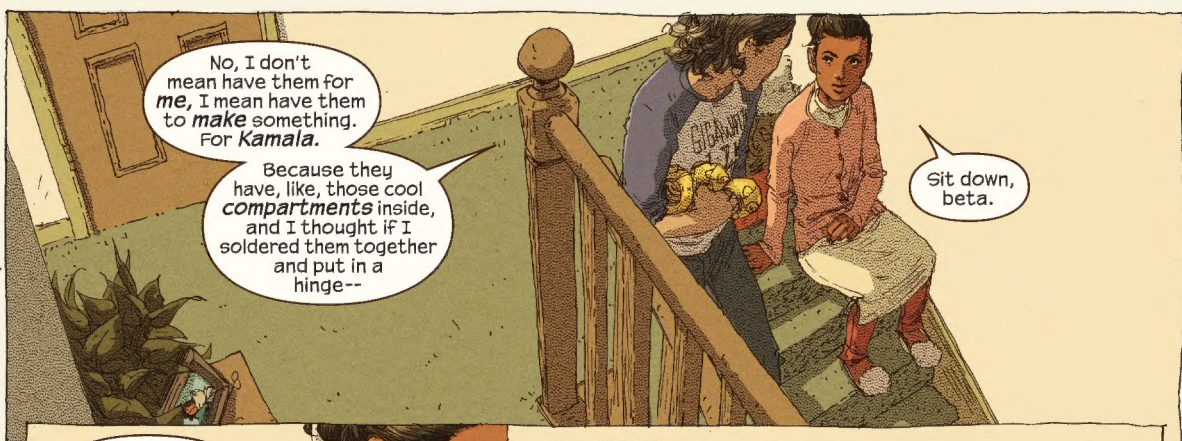


Oh! I was
gonna ask
you about
that.

Can I--
umm--have
them?

You
want to
wear my
jewelry?





No, I don't mean have them for *me*, I mean have them to *make* something. For *Kamala*.

Because they have, like, those cool *compartments* inside, and I thought if I soldered them together and put in a hinge--

Sit down, beta.



Are *you* going to tell me the truth about what's been going on these past couple of weeks?

Because my *daughter* has not.

Nothing. Nothing's going on. Everything is *totally* normal.

Don't lie to me, Bruno.



I'm serious!

...



Okay. It's not that I *want* to lie. It's just not my story to tell.

You're very *loyal*, beta. I admire that about you. But please tell me one thing-- is Kamala in *danger*?

I mean... danger compared to, like, driving during rush hour? Because we do all sorts of stuff every day that's *super* dangerous--

Bruno.



I'm sorry,
I'm sorry!

She's not in
no danger, but
she's also not in
tons of danger, at
least not right
this second--

Acha. I see
I am not going
to get anything
else out of you
this evening.



Just promise
me one thing.
Promise me you'll
always be there to
help her. She doesn't
listen to me the way
she used to--but
she listens
to *you*.

I'm--I'm
trying. That's
why I wanted the
bangles. So that she
has everything she
might need in
one place.



These have
been in my family
for a *very* long time,
Bruno. Take care
of them.

I will.

This is
gonna sound weird,
but...the first time
I saw Kamala wearing
these, they were so big
on her that it was like
she was wearing *armor*.
Like they were
protecting her.

That's what
I want to
make for her.
Armor...



"...so she'll always be safe."

OPERATING ROOM 03

JERSEY CITY MEDICAL CENTER.
Present day.



Hey, Kamala.

Hey, Vick.

You should go home and **sleep** or something. I'll stay here until Bruno's out of surgery.

Nah, I'll stay too. I'm not tired.

Liar. Go sleep. It's cool, I'll take care of stuff.

I can't. They said they won't know if--if he's gonna make it until they take the breathing tube out. I **have** to stay 'til then.



OPERATING ROOM 06



I'll call you as **soon** as that happens, I swear. You need to lie down--you look **awful**.

If you say so.

I'll be back **soon**, okay?



EXHAUSTED AS I AM, I CAN'T LET THIS STAND.

BASIC BECKY CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO IMPRISON MORE PEOPLE FOR CRIMES THEY HAVEN'T EVEN COMMITTED YET. SHE CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO DESTROY MORE FAMILIES, MORE LIVES...



THIS IS NOW AN "AT ALL COSTS" KIND OF SITUATION.

I WILL STOP HER. I WILL PUT AN END TO PREDICTIVE IN-JUSTICE.



EVEN IF IT MEANS BETRAYING THE ONE PERSON I ADMIRE MOST ON THIS EARTH.



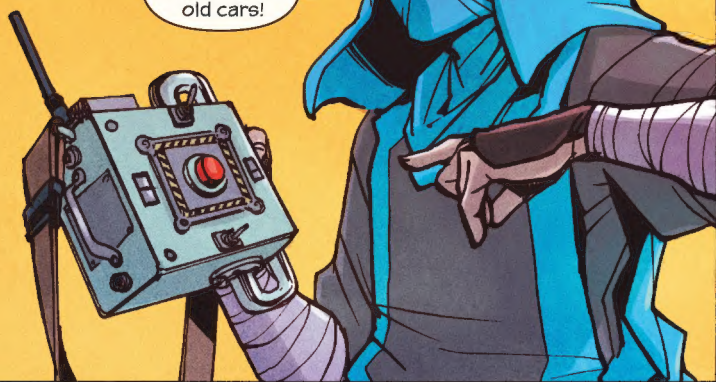
LATER THAT MORNING.
Just outside of town.

Look at me,
planning a
big heist!



I sure am
thinking
about a bunch of
questionable
things!

Like possibly
vaporizing
this lot of
old cars!



Thinking
thinking
think--



BOOM!



Hijinx, I'm
hereby detaining
you for the next
twenty-five minutes,
until the threat
posed by the crime
you *would* have
committed has
passed.

Get
OFF me,
Judge Dredd
Barbie!





You think you're so funny--

Hey! **Bigfoot!** This is your cue!



STOP!



Let Hijinx go. You're gonna have to deal with *me* instead.

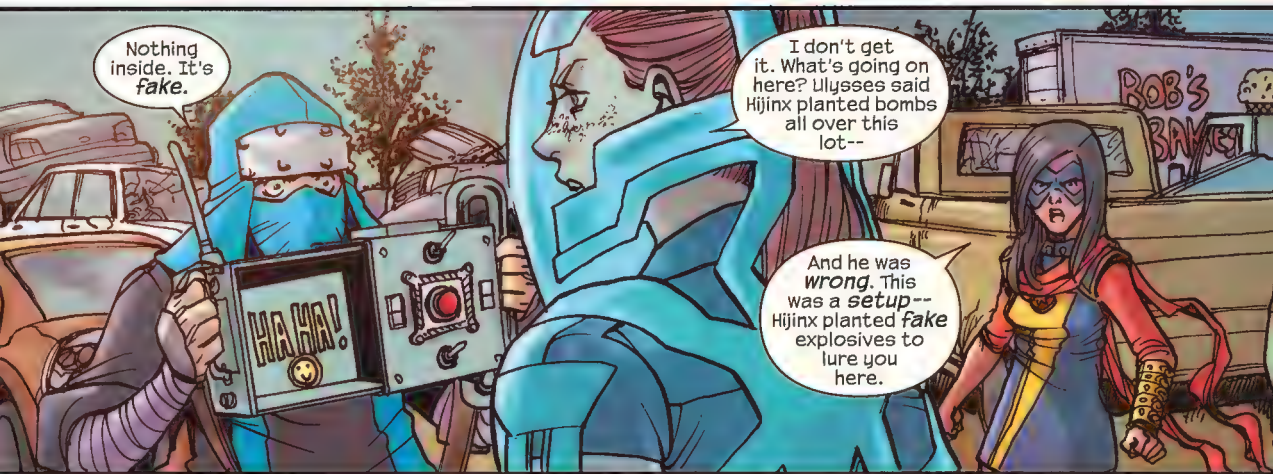


Well, well, well. A wild **Ms. Marvel** appears.

Freeing criminals instead of locking them up is becoming a *habit*, I see.

Not *this* time.

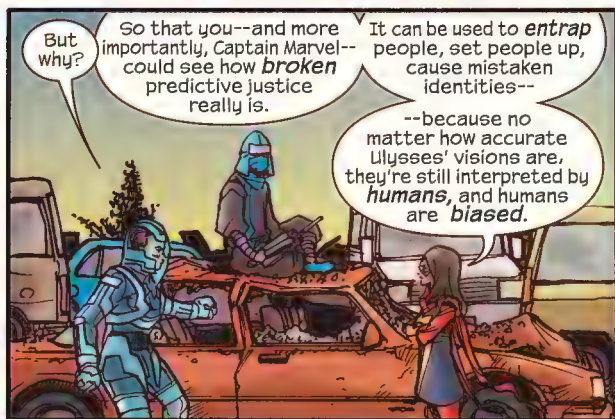
Hijinx, show her the *detonator*.



Nothing inside. It's fake.

I don't get it. What's going on here? Ulysses said Hijinx planted bombs all over this lot--

And he was *wrong*. This was a *setup*-- Hijinx planted *fake* explosives to lure you here.

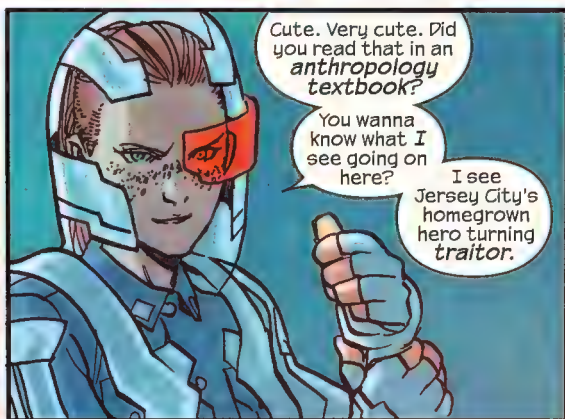


But why?

So that you--and more importantly, Captain Marvel--could see how *broken* predictive justice really is.

It can be used to *entrap* people, set people up, cause mistaken identities--

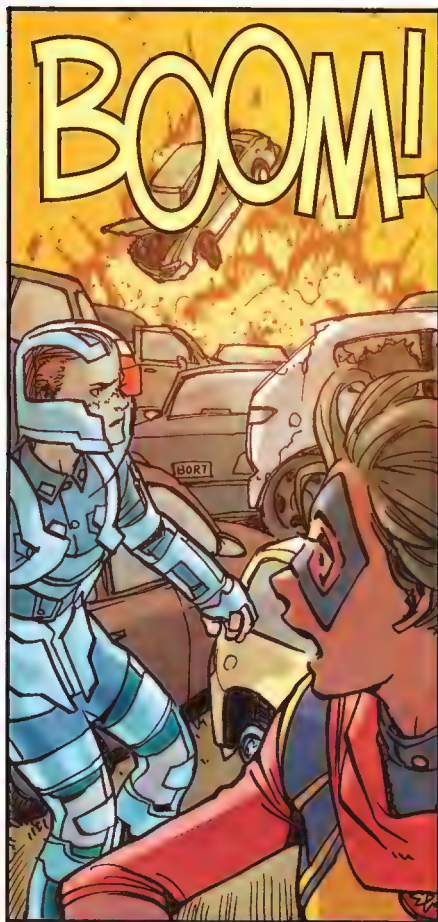
--because no matter how accurate Ulysses' visions are, they're still interpreted by *humans*, and humans are *biased*.



Cute. Very cute. Did you read that in an *anthropology* textbook?

You wanna know what I see going on here?

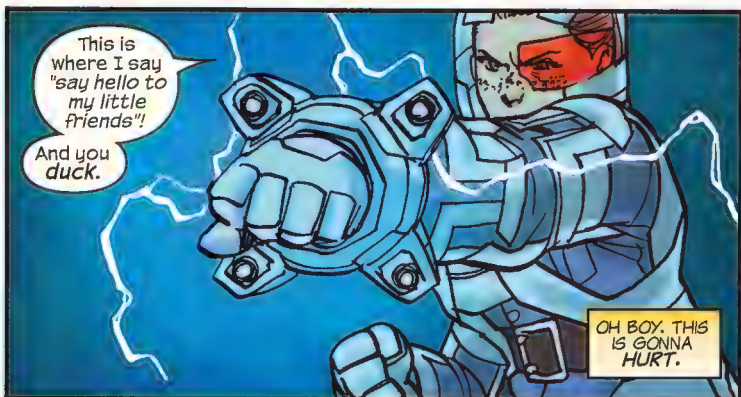
I see Jersey City's homegrown hero turning *traitor*.



You--you *liar*! We agreed there'd be *no violence*! That was the whole point!

Sorry. I had to blow up *one* thing. Otherwise it wouldn't have been *convincing*. You know how psychics are with their *time paradoxes*--

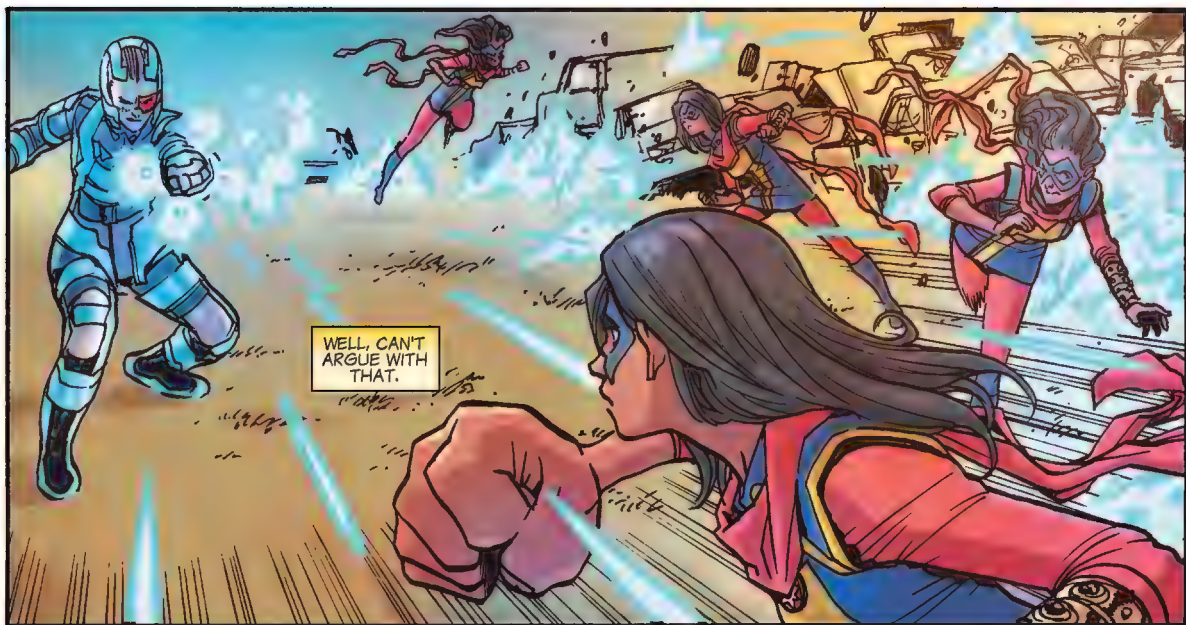
You see? You *think* you're in control of this. But you're not.



This is where I say "say hello to my little friends!"

And you *duck*.

OH BOY. THIS IS GONNA HURT.



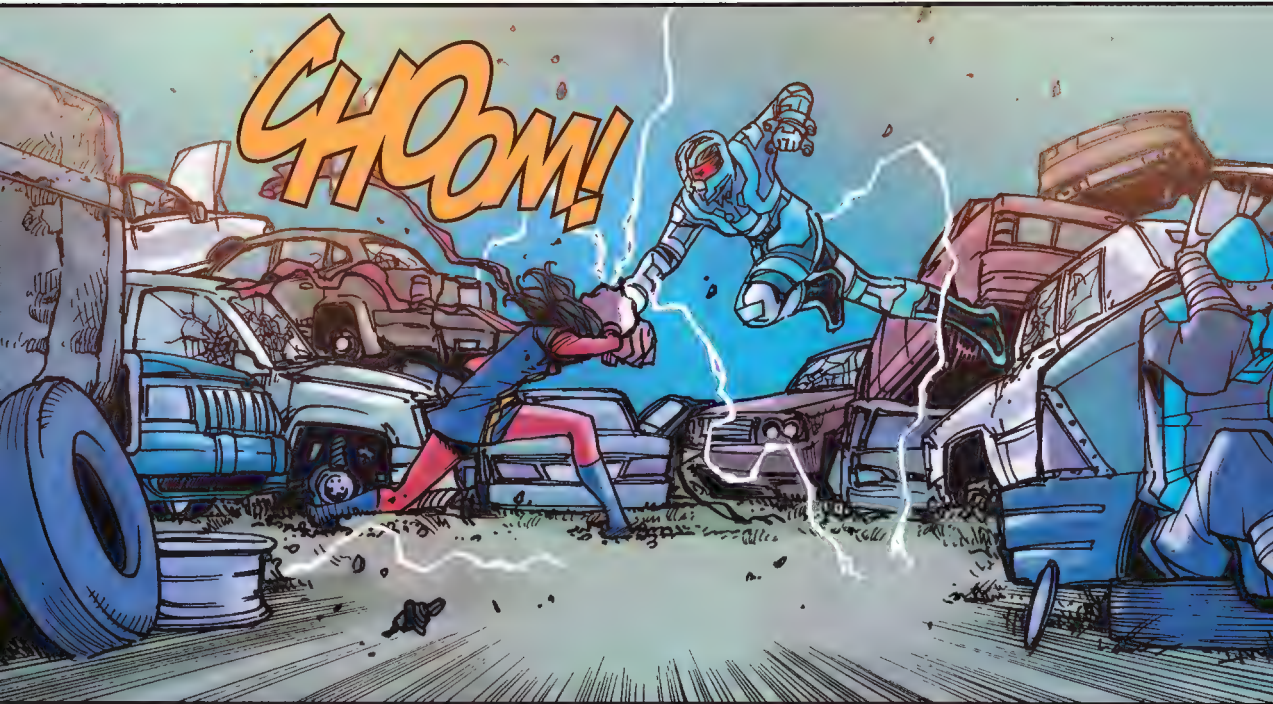
PEW!

...just like
your friend
Bruno!

PEW!

PEW!

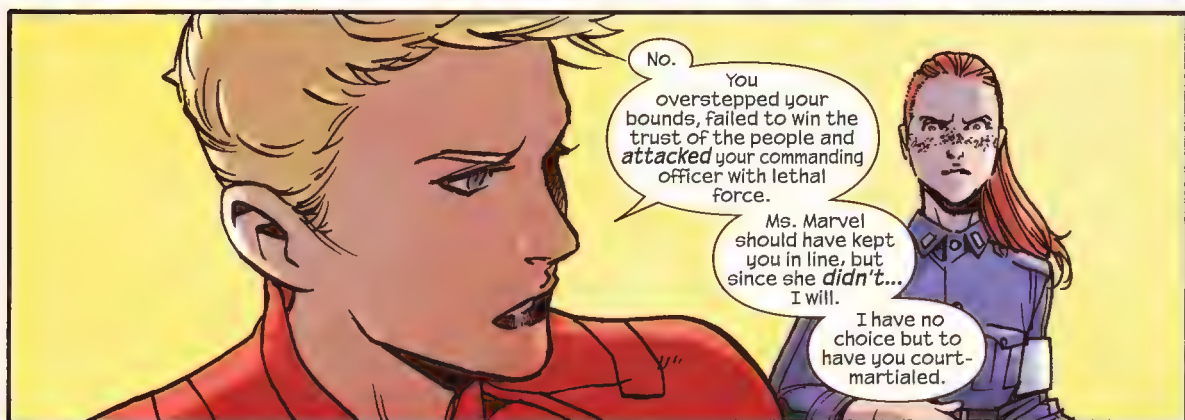
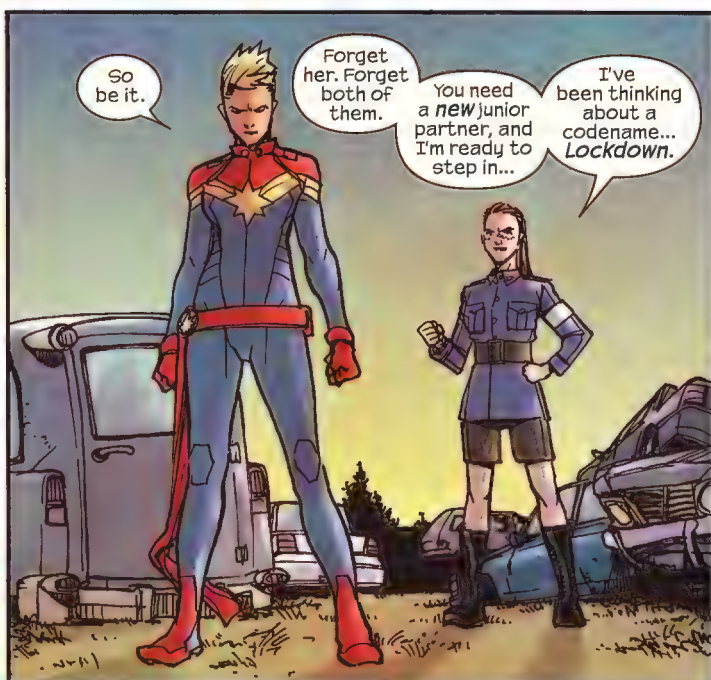


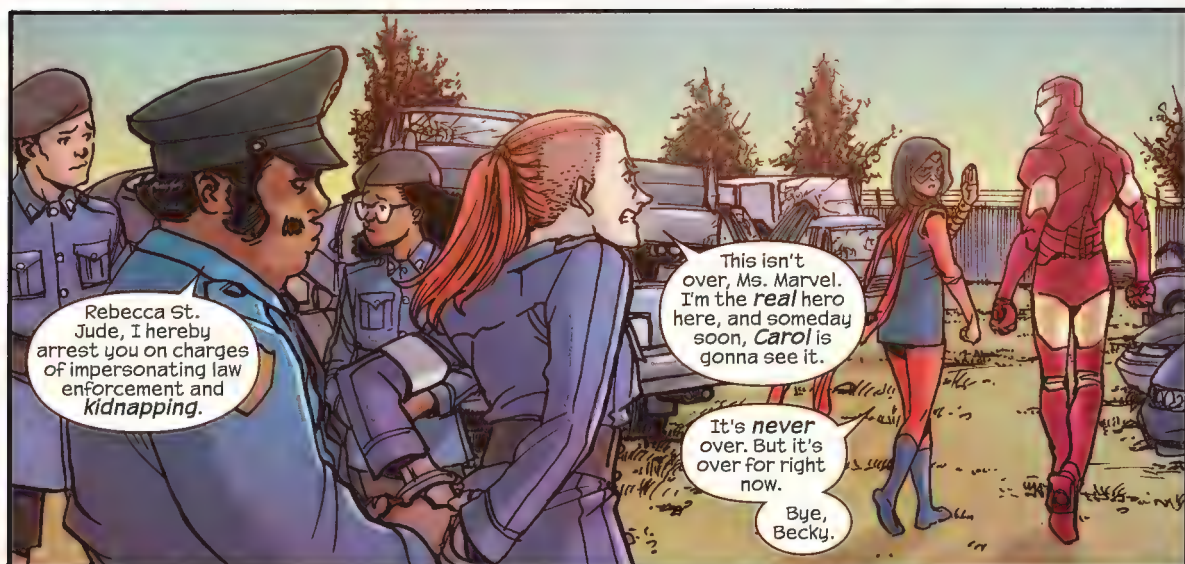


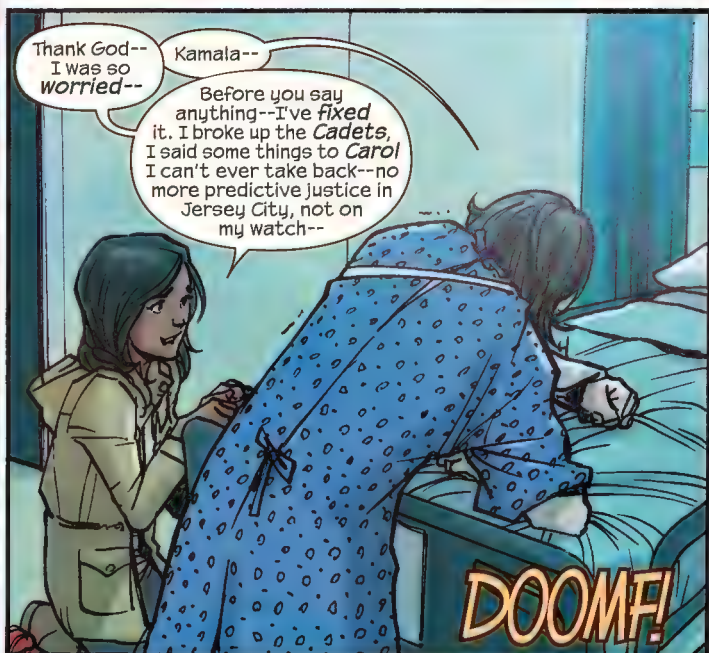
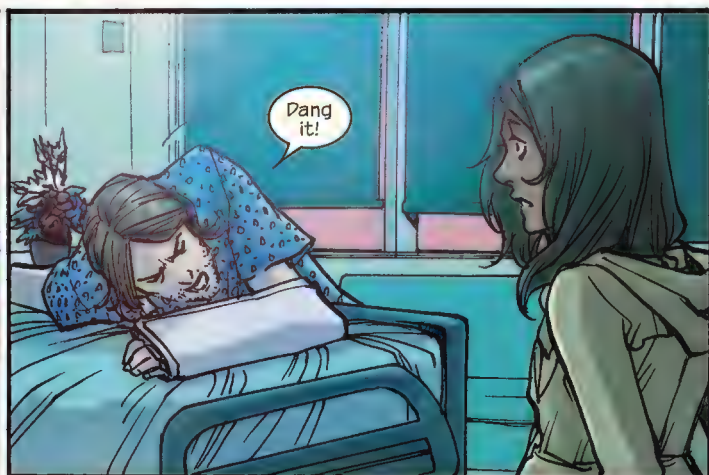
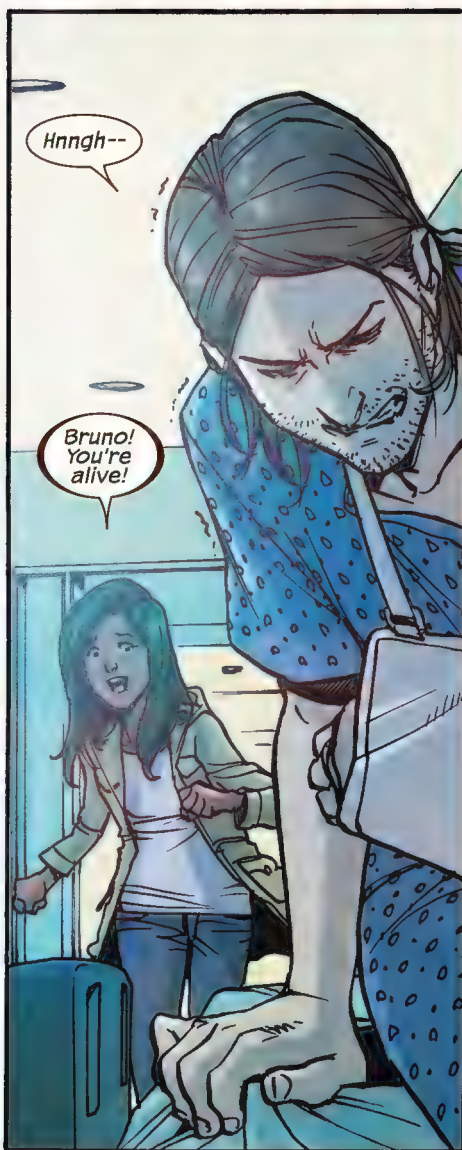
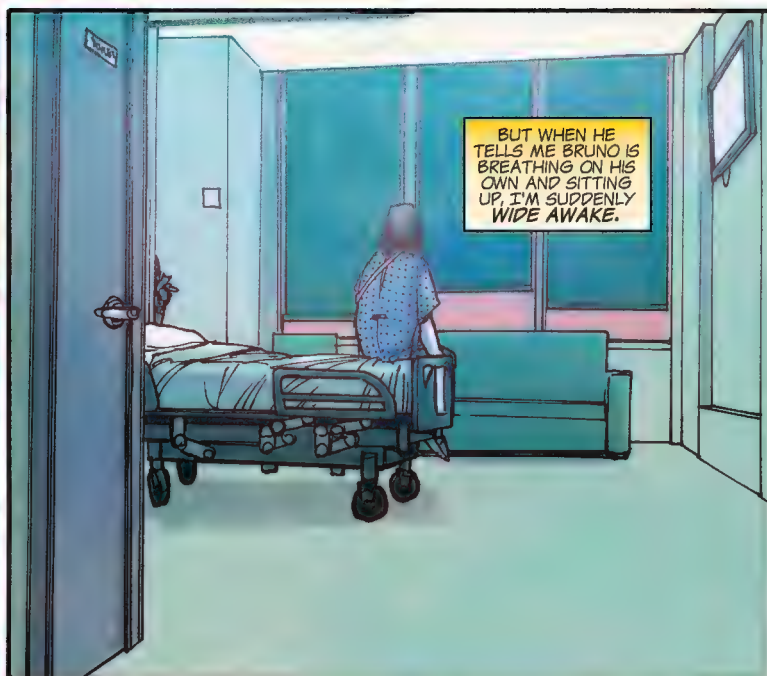


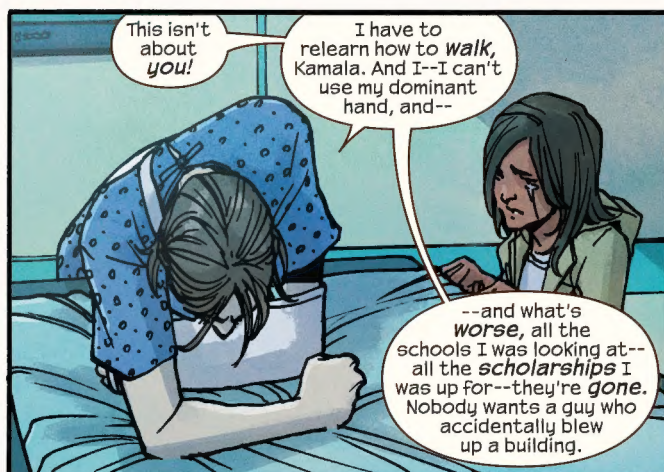








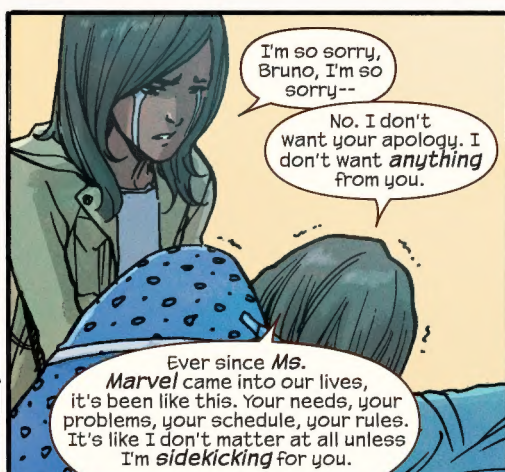




This isn't about *you*!

I have to relearn how to *walk*, Kamala. And I--I can't use my dominant hand, and--

--and what's *worse*, all the schools I was looking at--all the *scholarships* I was up for--they're *gone*. Nobody wants a guy who accidentally blew up a building.



I'm so sorry, Bruno, I'm so sorry--

No. I don't want your apology. I don't want *anything* from you.

Ever since *Ms. Marvel* came into our lives, it's been like this. Your needs, your problems, your schedule, your rules. It's like I don't matter at all unless I'm *sidekicking* for you.



And when I tried to tell you how crazy the Cadets were getting...you didn't even *listen*.

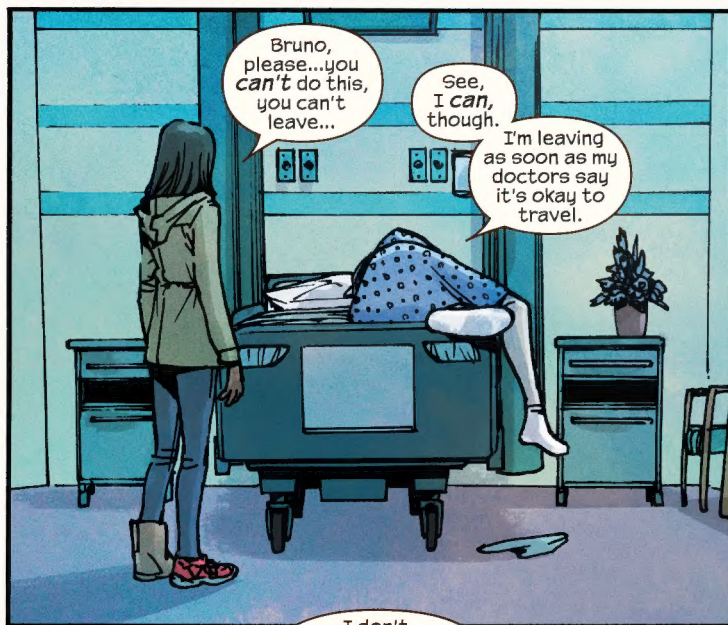
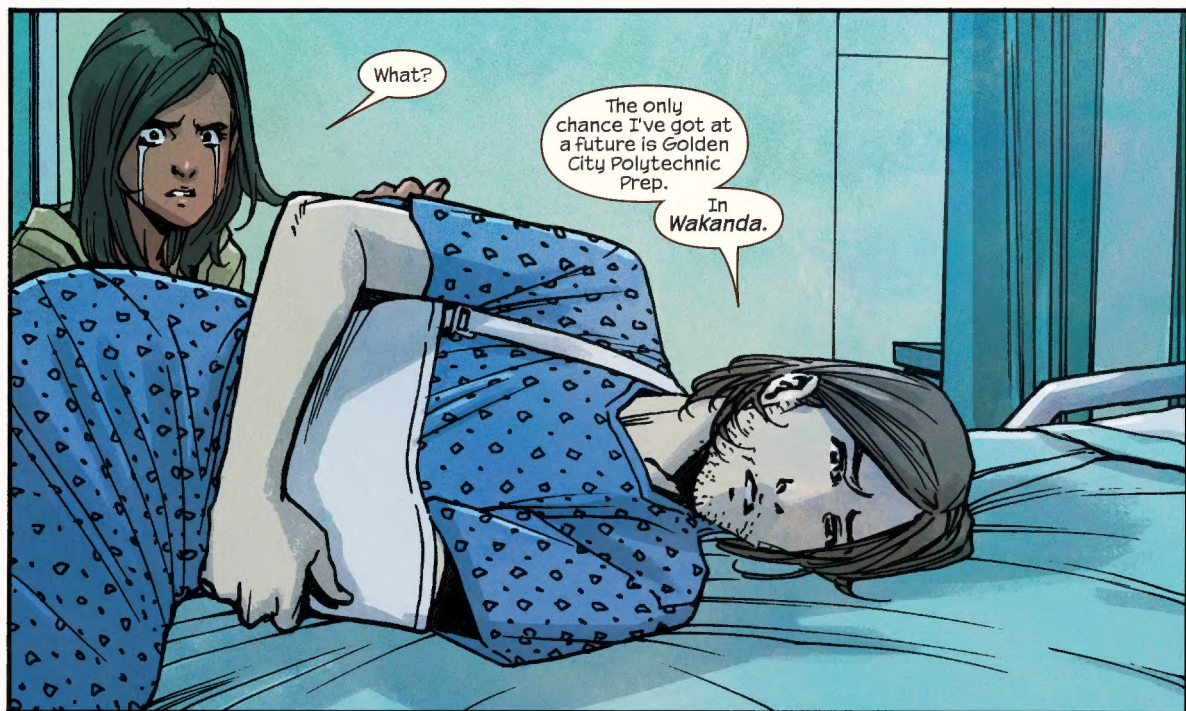
The only thing that mattered to you was taking orders from Captain Marvel. Nothing else mattered. Your *friends* didn't matter.

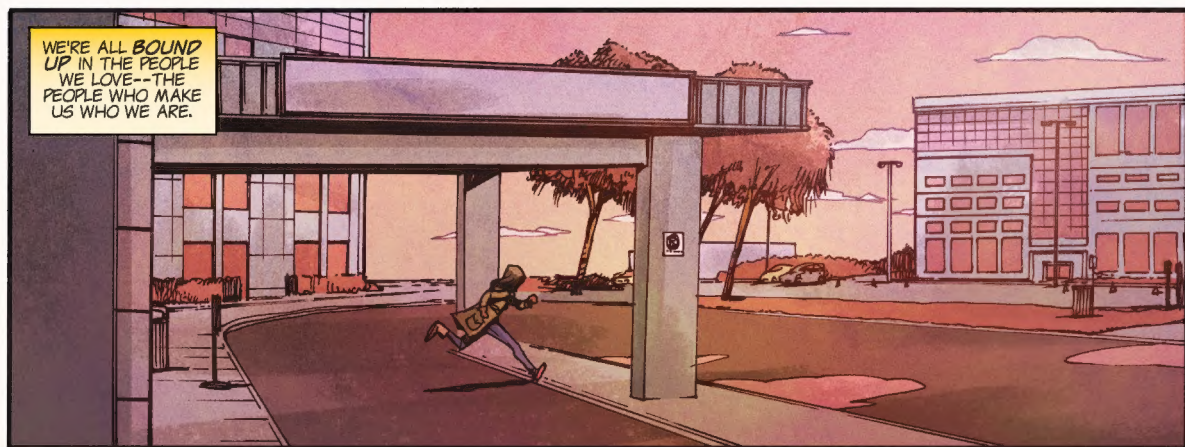


I've taken a lot of things for granted. I've taken a lot of *people* for granted. But I can *change*--

This is the life you chose. I'm not asking you to change.

I'm trying to tell you I'm *leaving*.

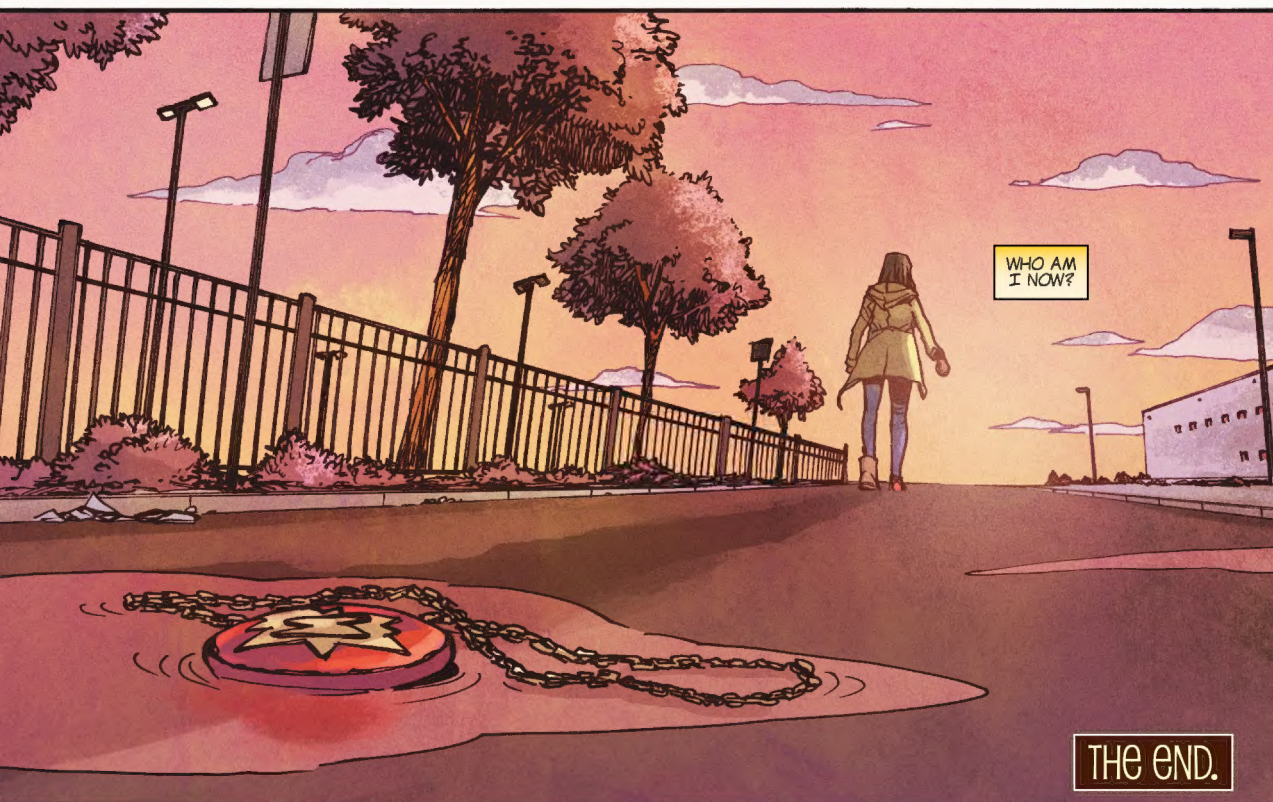




WE'RE ALL BOUND
UP IN THE PEOPLE
WE LOVE--THE
PEOPLE WHO MAKE
US WHO WE ARE.



SO WHO AM
I WITHOUT
THEM?



WHO AM
I NOW?

THE END.

HOLLA @ KAMALA

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